

THE LIGUORIAN

January



1933

IN THIS ISSUE

RESOLUTIONS.....C. D. McEnniry, C.Ss.R.
POPE PIUS XI.....Aug. T. Zeller, C.Ss.R.
MANY A BETTER THING TO DO.....M. J. Huber, C.Ss.R.
WHY ALL THESE LAWS.....F. E. Bieter, C.Ss.R.
GATHERED AT DAWN.....P. J. Etzig, C.Ss.R.
FOR AND AGAINST.....B. A. Connelly, C.Ss.R.
APOSTLE OF THE LEPERS.....N. Govers, C.Ss.R.
IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD (Poem).....T. Z. Austin, C.Ss.R.

Catholic Anecdotes—Book Reviews—Lucid Intervals—Catholic
Events—Liguoriana

Pointer Paragraphs: Love—Numerology and Newspapers—An
Echo of The Oxford Movement—A New Venture—Baby Bonus

REDEMPTORIST FATHERS

BOX A, OCONOMOWOC, WISCONSIN

Per Year, \$1.00

Canada and Foreign, \$1.25

Single Copies, 10¢

LIGUORIAN FEATURES FOR FEBRUARY

St. Francis de Sales Apostle of the Press and Catholic Writers

When the people of Le Chablais, Switzerland, who had been made Calvinists, refused to come and hear him preach on the true faith, St. Francis de Sales took to his pen, distributed some 72,000 pamphlets, wrote many letters and several books. His story as the Apostle of the Catholic press will be told by A. T. Zeller, C.Ss.R.

WHO ARE OUR READERS? Problems of Catholic Publishers

February is Catholic Press Month. Its purpose is twofold: to counteract the flood of immoral literature in the country today, and to stimulate readers of the Catholic Press. Is the task hopeless? will be asked by D. F. Miller, C.Ss.R.

FATHER TIM CASEY Shrines of St. Alphonsus

Echoes of the bi-centennial anniversary of the founding of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer by St. Alphonsus still linger. Father Casey and his friend Lawrence Dwyer visit the five shrines connected with the five great decisions of the life of St. Alphonsus, as will be recounted by C. D. McEnniry, C.Ss.R.

PROBLEMS OF REPEAL

Too many people think there is only one problem—that of getting rid of prohibition. In his column, "For and Against," B. A. Connelly, C.Ss.R. will call attention to other problems connected with prohibition reform.

Much Ado—a Story by H. S. Smith—Historical Lent by R. J. Miller.

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THE LIGUORIAN

One Dollar per Year. (Canada and Foreign, \$1.25)

Entered as second-class matter August 29th, 1913, at the Post Office at Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in section 1103, act of October 3, 1917. Authorized July 17, 1918.

THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

VOL. XXI.

JANUARY, 1933

No. 1

In the Year of Our Lord 1933

This, Lord, is Thy year:—

A moment of Eternity's long day
As if some bird, winging its southward way
Had dipped his white wing in some darkling sea
And passed beyond our sight. Ah me,
Its short, sharp days are gone, scarce are they here.

This, Lord, is Thy year:—

It is Thy gift, for Thou alone couldst give
That I, of all that might have been, should live.
And like a flame, reach up to endless bliss
That is in store for those who well use this,
Thy gift—bestowed on us in goodness sheer.

This, Lord, is Thy year:—

Upon each day a ruddy droplet clings
And every hour a sweet reminder rings:
"With His own Blood has He purchased its meed
Of grace and blessing in your hour of need."
Then why should I shrink from it as in fear?

This, Lord, is Thy year:—

Its days are in Thy hands,—hands tender, good—
That oft lay soft on child-brows—and that would
Bless every moment as it comes to me
To brighten it with smiles and lovingly
To tip with golden light its every tear.

This, Lord, is Thy year:—

Each day to be a stepping stone to Thee—
Each hour to bring me closer still to Thee,—
Each hour,—through sorrow's clouds and storms,
Through toil's tumultuous din and sin's dark charms,—
Through earth's poor fleeting joys that seem so dear.

This, Lord, is Thy year:—

So shall I take it then most gratefully
And traffic with each moment jealously;
With courage high, because Thou carest for me.
Oh should my spirit fail, dear Lord, then be,
Thyself, my strength, my light mid shadows here.

T. Z. Austin, C.Ss.R.

Father Tim Casey

RESOLUTIONS

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

"Happy New Year, Father. Ha-a-a-py New Year."

Four little girls stopped short in their skipping stride and smiled up at the priest.

"Well! Well! Well! Who would believe it! The Peace Conference perfect at last! Here are Germany, Ireland, Italy, and France with loving arms around one another's necks."

Now these four little ladies had only the vaguest ideas as to what he meant by a perfect Peace Conference, they did however decidedly want him to have the right view in this matter of Germany, France, and so forth.

"Father, I am American," Walburga informed him.

"Immamurican too," professed Bridget.

"So'm I." "So'm I." Annunziata and Jaqueline chimed in chorus.

"Oh, so you are all ashamed of your European ancestry. Is that true, Walburga?"

"I'm not ashamed—I'm proud that my father and mother come from Germany."

"Mine are from Cork," laughed Bridget.

Annunziata and Jaqueline said nothing. With their little heads thrown back, brown cheeks flushed and dark eyes flashing, they did not need to.

"Bravo!" cried the priest. "That is the right spirit. Be loyal to this broad new land that gave you birth and proud of the dear old home land from which your fathers sprung. Cherish all the best traditions of your blood and race, and let that be your contribution to the common treasure of America."

His sermon had reached about the extreme limit they were able to stand for outside of church. "Happy New Year, Father. Ha-a-a-py New Year," they sang and danced away.

Jaqueline got a bright idea. "Oh, say, let's tell Father 'bout our res'lutions."

They responded immediately. Before the good priest had taken a dozen steps, he found the four lassies once more barring his progress.

"Father, Father, we all made New Year resolutions."

"And, Father, we wrote them down. Sister Majella said, 'less we

wrote them down, we'd forget them before supper time. I don't think we'd forget them *that* quick, do you, Father?"

"And we are going to read them over every First Friday, because if we don't have some day fixed like that, we will keep putting it off and putting it off, Sister Majella said."

"And we thought and thought and prayed to the Holy Ghost, like Sister Majella said, to find the resolution contrary to our *per dominum* passion."

"My resolution," said Walburga, "is never to give way to human respect—always to do what I think is right, no matter what other people think or say about it." (Walburga had never in her life been known to change an opinion or alter a plan in order to agree with somebody else.)

"And, Bridget, what is your resolution?"

"Please, Father, I resolved always to—never to—to—Oh dear, I forgot. But I have it all written down, just like Sister Majella said."

Thereupon followed a frantic search through the treasures in her hand bag: rosaries, chewing gum, medals, movie-paper clippings, a prayer book, a powder puff—at last she fished out a paper. Then this lady, who was so popular with her companions because she always let them lead her where they wished, who got into ninety per cent of her mischief to please somebody else, solemnly read: "I resolve never to be obstinate or stubborn in sticking to my own opinions. I will always try to be agreeable to others, even when I do not feel like it."

Annunziata and Jaqueline both tried to tell their resolutions at once. But the little French girl came out first—as she did it almost everything she undertook. The very eagerness that made her so successful likewise plunged her into a thousand quarrels and acts of imprudence robbing her of many of the fruits of her success.

And what had this high-speed, hair-triggered Jaqueline resolved? She had resolved to avoid laziness, delay, procrastination—had resolved to help mamma, to run to the store, to help Sister Majella, to study, to be on time, to be tidy, in a word, she had firmly resolved to do all the things she liked to do and had carefully abstained from resolutions to avoid the faults she did not want to avoid.

Last of all came Annunziata—Annunziata who loved the sunshine and the flowers and the birds and the bees more than she loved dry old 'rithmatic books,—Annunziata who loved Sister Majella to infatuation, yet drove Sister Majella to distraction every morning by nonchalantly arriving a half-hour late with exercises half written and lessons half learned.

"And you, Annunziata, what is your resolution?"

"I," said Annunziata, happy over the fact that she had found such a wonderful resolution, "I resolved never to worry."

"What do you think of our resolutions, Father? Aren't they fine?"

"Your resolutions are practical, they are ennobling, indeed, they are excellent—only—"

"Only what, Father? Why did you say, only?"

"Only I should prefer a realignment."

"What does that mean, Father?"

"It means giving Walburga's resolution to Bridget. That is just what Bridget needs in order to control her predominant passion, to overcome her predominant fault, namely, to be more firm, more determined, not to be so easily influenced, led, not so ready to drift with the current, to have the moral courage to say, no."

"O Father," Bridget protested, "I couldn't do that, I'd rather take a resolution I can keep. Sister Majella said, when we take a resolution, we must keep it."

"You mean you prefer a resolution that would cost nothing—a resolution that would not disturb the pet faults that have built themselves a nest in your heart, in a word, a resolution that would allow you to keep on doing the things you like to do and omitting the things you like to omit. Bridget, Bridget, early indeed have you learned the art of making harmless resolutions, the kind that salve our conscience without disturbing our faults."

Bridget's cheeks, red from exercise in the frosty air, grew redder still with blushes because she had been singled out for the priest's animadversions. She made a frantic effort to divert his attention to somebody else.

"If I take Walburga's resolution, what will Walburga do?"

"Naturally she will take yours. The resolution she took, to avoid human respect, is one she does not need. However she does need the resolution to be more tractable, more conciliatory, more willing to try to look at things also from the other person's viewpoint, in a word, the resolution you took is the resolution Walburga needs."

Walburga said, "Yes, Father," promptly enough. She had not yet grasped the full import of the obligation she was taking on herself.

"Oh, isn't that fine!" cried Jaqueline. "Now Walburga will play the game like we want to; she always insisted on her way before."

"My way is right. I won't play it any other way." That was final, as far as Walburga was concerned.

"Father, Father," Annunziata began, then hesitated. She wanted no disturbing admonitions, yet she was dying of curiosity to hear what he had to say about her case. She just *had* to ask. "Father, what about Jaqueline's resolution—and mine? They are all right, aren't they?"

"Perfectly all right, perfectly—provided you exchange them."

"O Father!"

"What Jaqueline needs," he continued mercilessly, "is to moderate her push, pep, energy, enthusiasm. What you need is a little more, especially in matters demanding promptness and hard work."

All these suggestions were received with respect, as was everything the pastor said. Yet, withal, they were four unconvinced little ladies that suddenly sang:

"Happy New Year, Father. Ha-a-a-py New Year," and, like a fairy vision, floated away.

"Strange, strange, how the human heart seeks to deceive itself." Thus the priest soliloquized that New Year night. "It is evidenced in those children, even at such an early age; it will become more manifest as they grow older. The excessive smoker takes unbounded satisfaction out of his resolution to be moderate in drink—for which he has no particular inclination; the inveterate gossip resolves that she will say more prayers; the crooked politician makes up his mind that he will be charitable towards the poor; the greedy glutton determines to practise humility; the proud, haughty character decides to be moderate in the use of food; the shameless flirt resolves to cultivate an amiable disposition; the insubordinate, defiant daughter resolves to be watchful not to tell fibs.

"Thus each one, glossing over his most glaring and inveterate fault, chooses what is easy and natural for himself and mercilessly condemns all who do not excel in the same trait. Strange, strange, how the human heart seeks to deceive itself."

Then, remembering that he himself had not yet stamped the fresh young year with high resolve, Father Casey set about determining what form his purpose should take. Several suggestions, not at all in harmony with his natural inclinations, were hastily brushed aside, before they had time to ruffle the serenity of his conscience. At length the good man, whose principal fault was talking too much, too long, and too often, resolved never to omit speaking a kindly word, then lay down to rest quite satisfied with his New Year Resolution.

Pope Pius XI

"THE PEACE OF CHRIST IN THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST."

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

Upon all Popes rested the care of the church throughout the world, and all the Popes therefore figure largely in the history of their times. Some like Leo XIII, exert their influence even far beyond their day. This can be said about our present reigning Pontiff—even though it is too near to gain the right perspective of history—that the story of the troublous times that the world has gone through cannot be written unless Pope Pius XI figures largely in it.

The man who as librarian spent almost all his life within the walls of two famous libraries—at Milan and Rome—startled the world by his phenomenal diplomatic work in Poland and Lithuania. He was Monsignor Ratti then. But his success in the midst of the seething of a nation in rebirth and the din of war with Russia, turned all the eyes upon the man who was known till now only in scientific circles. This same tactful yet direct and strong action in executive and administrative capacity was shown by him likewise, soon after when he was made Cardinal and Archbishop of Milan. It was no easy time. The Socialists of the Red type were in the ascendancy and were trying to seize the reigns of Government in Italy—which was then almost in a collapse; Mussolini was just building up his Fascist system, and was not yet sure of his plans; between the two the Church's course was fraught with difficulties and dangers. Cardinal Ratti, with strong and sure hand, guided the faithful well.

Since his elevation to the Papacy, the qualities of the Diplomat in the finest sense of the word and the Vicar of Christ combined have won him the praise even of those outside the Church, and have helped to improve the Church's position in the world.

He approached his task directly. If we survey, for instance, the letters and allocutions of his first year on the Fisherman's throne, we are fairly astonished at his quick grasp of the problems that confronted him.

The war was over. But the causes that had brought it on, greed and false nationalism were still in existence, and even intensified by the hatreds engendered by the bitter struggle. And to add to the confusion,

poverty and want were starting their march on the world—and no country could keep them at bay.

HUMAN MEANS COME TO NAUGHT.

He had scarcely assumed office when a series of conferences convened which were of world importance and attempted to bring peace to the men. First there was the General Council of the League of Red Cross Societies, whose first session was held March 28, 1922. Pope Pius saw the immense force which such an organization might wield for the pacification of nations and the allaying of hatreds. For this reason, he directed a message to its members, through Cardinal Gasparri. Senator De Page, as President, read the letter communicated by the Cardinal, in which he said:

"The Holy Father is glad to express his ardent personal desire for the success of the labors included in the program of this assembly. Faithful to the cause of universal peace adopted by his predecessor of happy memory, Benedict XV, His Holiness cannot but rejoice at the generous and humane sentiments which has inspired the creation of the second great organization of national Red Cross Societies . . . These societies, fully aware of the peacemaking office which their traditions invite them to fulfil have desired to profit by the common ideal to draw nearer together and work in common to strengthen the bonds of brotherhood and solidarity among nations. An effort so generous and so universally praised, has been welcomed by no one more than the Supreme Pontiff."

Amid a respectful silence, the Council listened to the letter and replied by thanking the Pope, assuring him that they would do all that was necessary to secure the end indicated by him. (Premoli; Contemporary Church History.)

Shortly after, in May, the first economic conference on the nations of the world was held at Genoa—another effort on the part of the Powers to forestall the collapse of trade and industry that threatened all alike. To this conference, for the first time, representatives of the conquered people and Russia were invited. Great things were expected from it, although it was laid down as a preliminary condition that the treaties already concluded (in the meetings at Paris, Washington, San Reno, Cannes and Spa), should not be made the subject of discussion.

Pius XI did not fail to see the possibilities of this meeting for the furtherance of world peace and at once directed a letter to the Arch-

bishop of Genoa, in which he said with his usual directness and fearlessness:

"We pray and confidently trust that the envoys of the Powers will consider the tragic situation which is afflicting all people, not only with a calm mind but also with a willingness to make some sacrifices on the altar of the common good . . . If Christian charity ought to reign even amid the clash of arms, in the words of the beautiful Red Cross writer "*inter arena caritas*," much more should it do so when weapons have been laid aside and treaties of peace signed, since the international hatreds, the sad legacy of the war, do harm even to conquering nations and prepares a future, fraught with fear for all. We must not forget that the best guarantee of peace is not a forest of bayonets, but mutual trust and confidence."

"Moreover," he added, "though it has been determined to exclude all discussion, not only of the treaties concluded, but also of the reparations imposed, from the scope of the conference, there is no reason to exclude exchanges of opinion which may make the rapid fulfilment of their obligations easier for the conquered,—for in the long run this will turn to the advantage of the victors."

Bold as these words were, they met with a favorable reception so that Signor Facta, President of the Conference, alluded to them with praise in his opening address.

It was on the occasion of the Geneva conference that Pope Pius also submitted for discussion by the representatives of the Powers, a memorandum regarding Russia.

A month before he had already opened negotiations with the Russian Vorowski regarding a Catholic Mission to Russia. Vorowski demanded formal guarantees that it should have no political character and that no British, French or Serbian delegates should be included even though the mission was to be concerned only with the relief of famine and pestilence.

Now, once more he addressed the Powers, requesting that the following three points be granted: 1) Full liberty of conscience for all citizens, Russian or foreign, be guaranteed in Russia; 2) The exercise of private and public worship be likewise guaranteed; 3) The former or present property of all religious bodies whatsoever be restored or respected.

The memorandum was acted upon favorably, but no agreement with Russia was made.

Sad to say, from this conference as from the preceding ones, little came. No important step was taken towards the restoration of peace and friendship among the nations.

THE CAUSE.

Pius XI realized this with sorrow; but he realized, too, that it could scarcely be otherwise, since the causes were still at work. Thus only a few days later, on May 24, at the opening of the International Eucharistic Congress at Rome, he declared:

"It is the greedy, not to say exclusive, quest for earthly goods alone, which has embittered men's hearts and aroused mutual hatred. Thus it is that mankind has forsaken Our Lord, thus it is at the same time that mankind has lost peace . . . This Jesus you have invited, and He has heard you all. You have come together from all parts of the world, and He has come to meet you. He breaks the silence of the tabernacle. He reappears here among men, and peace begins to reign anew, true peace, not a mere image, but the living reality of that peace which the world cannot give, but which, thank God, can no more be taken from you.

In greed, therefore, and the rejection of Christian principles he saw the cause of the helplessness of all conferences and councils. There is only one remedy for the evils of the time—it is "the peace of Christ in the Kingdom of Christ." This he announced in his first encyclical, published Dec. 23, 1922; this he developed in the various encyclicals through the past ten years.

In this encyclical the Pope declared that the world has determined to do without God, and that is why it is in chaos—that is why peace has not come. Like the Jews of old, mankind has said: "We do not want this One to rule over us"—and it is paying the penalty. There is but one remedy—let us begin Christ's reign in the world and the world will have peace. And thus in broad lines he traces the ways in which to work for the restoration of Christ's kingdom in the world; 1) zealous activity of the clergy, even in form of a numerous assembly of Bishops—which made some think that he intended to reopen the Vatican Council which was interrupted in 1870; 2) Catholic activity in various works of piety, the press, help for foreign missions, the education of the young; 3) combined action on the part of clergy and faithful to resist the false and destructive views prevalent in law, social life, and morals,—views which

unhappily invaded the minds of many Christians; 4) work to bring back to the Church her separated brethren.

All these ideas were developed at greater length in later addresses and letters. The first one, fundamental so to speak, was the encyclical "Quas Primas" of December 11, 1925, on Christ the King.

"The empire of Christ," he declared, "includes not only Catholic nations, not only baptized persons who, though of right belong to the Church have been led astray by error or have been cut off from her by schism, but also all those who are outside the Christian Faith."

"Nor is there any difference in this matter," he further asserted, "between the individual and the family or the State. For all men, whether collectively or individually, are under the dominion of Christ. In Him is the salvation of the individual, in Him is the salvation of society."

And he made the first decisive step towards the restoration of Christ to His rightful reign by establishing the Feast of Christ the King. The world had deliberately rejected His reign; the world must be helped to do homage to Him again.

THE FREEDOM OF THE HOLY SEE.

It was with the same worldwide consequences in view that the Pope approached the settlement of the question of the Pope's position. His one aim was to secure a manifest and effective guarantee to the Holy Father for the free exercise of his spiritual power.

From the very beginning of his reign he had already thrown out suggestions of his readiness to reopen the question of the Pope's temporal status; from the very beginning he let it be known what was his aim in the matter. When finally the "Roman Question" as it is called, was settled, it was found that the Holy Father had acted with his usual firmness and boldness.

In announcing the settlement of the Treaty and the Concordat, in his address to the preachers of the Lent in Rome, 1929, he declared:

"On this very day, at this very hour, perhaps at this precise moment, down there in our Palace of the Lateran a Treaty and a Concordat is being signed by His Eminence the Cardinal of State (Garsparri), our Plenipotentiary, and Cav. Mussolini, the Plenipotentiary of His Majesty, the King of Italy—a treaty which recognizes and in so far as is possible for man, assures to the Holy See a true, proper and real territorial sovereignty."

He went on to speak of the fears which might arise in men's minds; some would say that he asked for too little, others again that he asked for too much. But in regard to the Papal territory, he let it be known at once that, "in this field, we have asked the smallest and the least possible." He sought to "prove in the most certain manner that no earthly cupidity inspires the Vicar of Christ" but only the necessity of such a territorial sovereignty as would secure the free exercise of his spiritual authority in the world.

"The responsibility," he said, "is solely ours, grave and formidable indeed as regards both what has happened and what may happen in consequence. It cannot be otherwise, because in critical hours of navigation the captain . . . cannot cede his post to others, and with it the perils and responsibility of command."

But he wished all to know that this transaction," so grave and formidable," was not settled in haste. "There is not a line, not even an expression in these agreements," he asserted, "which has not been the subject of our personal study, meditation and above all of prayer."

This being established and the Vatican City a reality, he continued to elaborate his plan for the restoration of Christ's Kingdom in the world. The result was the trilogy of encyclicals,—on Christian Education, on The Family, on Social Reform,—three of the most important and significant pronouncements that have ever come from the Holy See. In these he re-states to the world the Catholic solution for all the problems of our day.

"DEO GRATIAS"

St. Felix of Cantalizio, a Capuchin friar, was known all over the city of Rome, where for over forty years he went about the streets gathering alms for his community.

He always had a happy face, and had one favorite expression that he used not only in return for gifts, but also in return for contempt, ridicule and abuse. It was the phrase, "Deo Gratias," (Thanks be to God), and he used it so often that he came to be nicknamed "Brother Deo Gratias."

When he was mocked or ill-treated in his begging, he sometimes added to his pet expression these words: "May God make a saint of thee!"

Many A Better Thing To Do

A NEW YEAR'S STORY

M. J. HUBER, C.Ss.R.

The only escape was death. There was no other way out of it all.

Although it was eleven o'clock at night, James Brackman still sat at his desk in the office of his factory, looking with wide staring eyes, through the smoke curling lazily from his cigar and trying to think,—to think,—to think. But his eyes saw nothing; his thoughts, up against the old barrier, were at a standstill. There was only one answer: there was no escape,—except death.

In less than a week all the world would know that he was ruined,—without a dollar. A dollar? He would be so hopelessly in debt that he could never emerge during his lifetime. Nothing dishonest was on the books against him. He had simply mismanaged; had borrowed wildly so long as he could; had speculated madly. And now he had to pay the price.

"Can't do it! Can't face it! Can't live! Better to be dead!" That was the answer every time to the questions boiling like scalding water in his mind.

"Can you give up your position in life? Respected, honored, influential, accepted by the best? Can't do it! Can you give up your home and comforts,—see yourself and wife and children in a cramped home,—poor, scrimping, saving, hounded by worry, complaining, bemoaning,—no accustomed luxuries, no comforts; and every day cut to the same pattern? Can't face it!"

He clamped his cigar between his teeth. His thoughts boiled and boiled.

"Can you begin again at the bottom, building up,—and not only building up, but tearing down the wall of debt that stands before you, working, toiling, slaving, and never getting ahead? Couldn't live! Better to be dead!"

During the days and days of worry and thinking and waiting for the crash he had slowly begun to walk on the borderline between madness and sanity. Night after night he sat at his desk or at home. The days of the week were all alike. His actions and reactions became purely automatic; his mind alone seemed to be alive,—terribly alive—while at the same time it clamored for death.

But he was afraid to die. He did not want to live; and yet he did not want to die. His inability to accept the only answer whipped his mind with a new fury. So far he had merely toyed with the idea of suicide. But tonight . . .

He flung his cigar down on the desk with a shower of sparks. Madness was conquering his fear of death.

II.

"Just downtown," he said to the driver of the taxi he hailed. "I'll tell you when to stop."

They had been driving for a few minutes through the night that was wet with soft snow and rain. Suddenly the driver was seized with a fit of coughing, which shook him so violently that he barely succeeded in bringing the cab safely to a stop at the curb. When the attack was over, he turned around and spoke to Brackman.

"I'm sorry, sir. I get two or three of these bad attacks every hour. Don't know what it is. I hope you won't report me, sir. I ought not be driving, but I have to do it. I need the money."

Brackman heard, but gave no answer.

"I'm up against it," the driver continued. "Just about keep the family alive now. If this cough gets me down, I don't know what I'll do. But I'm not beat yet."

The cab had just slid into the traffic again when Brackman said: "I'll get out here."

III.

For fifteen minutes he walked steadily, steadily onward, knowing all the while where his steps were leading him, but feeling powerless to stop that mad march onward.

"Not beat yet!" The words of the taxi-driver went swinging through his mind like the bob on the end of a pendulum, beating, beating. "Not . . . beat . . . yet!"

At last he stopped.

He knew why he was standing on the bridge over the river. This was the answer; the old, old answer; and now it would be given. They said it was the easiest way to go. Was it? As he leaned on the rail and looked down into the water, a gust of wind snatched his hat from his head, and the hat swirled down and down. With his wide staring eyes Brackman watched it.

Thus it was that he did not notice the man who stopped beside him

and asked him for a match. Cigarette dangling from his lips, the man repeated his request: "Got a match, brother?"

Now Brackman turned, seemed to hear an echo of the question, and fumbled in his pocket. When the cigarette had been lit, the man tried to open a conversation.

"My last smoke!" he remarked.

Brackman reached into his pocket to give the man some change.

"No thanks!" the man said firmly. "I said this was my last."

The man seemed to derive an exulting satisfaction from his smoke. Only then did Brackman notice the haggard features of the man, the drawn mouth, the hard eyes.

"Sort of resolution, you know."

"Resolution?"

"Yes," the man went on. "Tonight the year ends. In a few minutes the new year comes and the old one goes. I'm going with it."

Brackman turned his head towards the tall buildings of the downtown section where the light hung like a flimsy cloud high above the streets. Even now the merrymakers in the streets were roaring their raucous greetings to the year about to begin. He had forgotten entirely what night it was.

"My resolution's made," said the man again as if to himself, "and when I keep it, I'll never have to make a resolution again." He stepped nearer to the rail.

Now Brackman began to wonder vaguely if the man were mad. Or was he himself mad? Or was it all a mad dream?

"What are you going to do?" Brackman asked.

"Do? What can I do? I'm at the end of the rope. Down, out,—I'm beat!"

Again the pendulum began to swing through Brackman's thoughts: "Not . . . beat . . . yet!"

With bitter curses the man continued to talk and talk; and he ended with, "And now the only thing I haven't lost is the chance to die."

"But aren't you afraid to die?"

"That's not the question. I'm afraid to live."

"But what can you gain by dying?"

"Do you know what it means to be hungry and cold? Do you know what it means to beg, to be kicked around like a dog? I'm just in the way of the rest of the world. I'll throw myself out of it." He put his hand on the rail.

"And throw yourself into another world," Brackman took him up. "You'll die,—of course,—but then what?"

"Aw, don't talk pious to me! You can't touch me with that. Why, if God knew I was alive, why didn't . . ."

"Leave God out of this!" Brackman snapped.

Why was he saying these things? In Brackman's mind a great gate seemed to swing open, and strange thoughts came rushing forth,—thoughts which he had been keeping pent up at the rear of his mind for weeks. Now they burst forth against his will.

"Don't tell me it's God's fault," Brackman almost shouted. "I ought to know. But even if it's true that God is hounding you down like this,—and it isn't,—it's no use to try to escape by death, because you can't escape from God." Brackman heard his own words as if they came from someone outside himself.

He took from his pocket all the money he carried and offered it to the man. "Now look here," he said. "Here's a break for you. Take this money. It's coming to you with a new year. It may mean a new beginning; it may help you to come back, as they say."

Sneeringly. "The don't . . . come back!" He grasped the rail. Brackman, clutching him by the arm, held him tight.

"You're right," he said to the man. "From the place where you're going,—they don't come back!"

What a terrible thing this was! How like a monstrous dream that would never end! Was this man really beside him, or was he talking to himself, arguing with himself as he had been doing for days and days?

Far off, a church-bell began to toll. From factories, lake-steamers, and trains, whistles began to sound. The roar of the crowd came louder to the two men on the bridge. Midnight! A new year! The old year dying!

The man leaped for the rail of the bridge. Brackman clutched him again, just in time. "Listen, you fool," he shouted, "there's many a better thing to do than die."

The fist of the man lashed out and struck Brackman in the face. Brackman fell to the walk; the man leaped quickly over the rail. Silence for a moment. Then a splash.

Almost at the same instant a light flashed from the dock along the river. A watchman came running to the water's edge, calling for help.

A few minutes later, Brackman, on the bridge, had completely re-

covered his senses. He looked around. Everything seemed different,—strange. Then he heard the cries from the water below. Memory returned, at first dimly, then with a burst of brilliance. He looked over the rail and saw that some men were dragging a struggling figure into a boat.

Just one thought was in Brackman's mind: "Thank God he's still alive! Thank God I'm still alive! Alive!" He hugged the thought to himself. He wanted nothing now but to live.

IV.

Brackman was very calm as he sat in his home a short while later. The house was asleep. One hour of the new year had passed. He ought to make a resolution. He would. Thinking and remembering what had happened to him that night, he found that no words were needed for his resolution. Very deliberately he went to his bedroom, took up his alarm clock, wound it, and set it for an early hour. He knew that at the first Mass a priest would be in the confessional just inside the door of the church.

DYING COMFORT

When St. Teresa of Avila, the great Saint and mystic, who had served God so faithfully in the convent for many years and had been the means of teaching others to do the same, lay on her deathbed, her greatest comfort lay simply in the faith she had always practiced in Christ and His Church.

"At least," she exclaimed, shortly before the end, "Oh, my God, I am a child of Thy Church. I die a daughter of Thy Church."

She had "been born again of water and the Holy Ghost," and had lived faithful to that calling; nothing else mattered to her now.

God gives Himself in Communion in spite of everything, in spite of a greater humiliation of His glory than it suffered in the day of the Incarnation, and of all the various accidents and wilful profanations to which the fragile appearances under which He is concealed expose Him, despite the unworthiness or the levity of those who consecrate His Body and Blood, despite the imperfections, and, perhaps, even the defiling stains which dishonour the living temples whose hospitality He comes to partake of.—*Monsabre*.

Why All These Laws?

F. E. BIETER, C.Ss.R.

Canon 750: *The infant child of infidel parents may be licitly baptized even against the wish of the parents if it is prudently foreseen that it will die before reaching the use of reason.*

Continuing with the laws of the Church on the subject of baptism, the canonist here explains what is prescribed regarding the baptism of the children of infidels, heretics, apostates; what is necessary for the baptism of an adult non-Catholic; and when insane persons may or should be baptized.

If there is, however, no danger of death, such a child can be lawfully baptized only if its Catholic education is assured, and the parents or guardians or at least one of them consent to the baptism. Likewise such a child can be baptized if there

are no parents (i.e. father, mother, grandfather or grandmother) or guardians, or these have lost their rights over the child, or cannot in any way exercise them.

Canon 751: *Regarding the baptism of the infant children of heretical or schismatical parents, or of two Catholics who have lapsed into infidelity, heresy or schism, the regulations of the foregoing canon should generally be observed.*

From canon 750 it is clear that children of parents who are not Christians, when there is no danger of death, cannot be baptized by any Catholic, if the parents do not desire the baptism. Why?

**Baptism of
Children of
Non-Christians**

Is it not true that these children belong more to God than to their own parents? God wishes all persons to be baptized and to be saved. If then infidel parents object to the baptism of their children, it would seem that thereby they are opposing the expressed wish of God. They may not do that. And therefore it would seem that any Catholic who knows of that unjust opposition of infidel parents to the baptism of their children, might by stealth baptize the children anyway. He might justify his action by saying with the apostles, "We ought to obey God, rather than men." (Acts, V, 29.)

Such argumentation may seem correct. But it is not. Why? God is the Author of nature. Nature tells us that so long as a child has not the use of reason, he is completely under the care and jurisdiction of his parents. The child cannot reason, cannot express a reasonable wish.

Some one must do that for him. Who shall it be? Many today will say that the child belongs first of all to the State. Some might think that the Church as the representative of God has prior rights. But first and foremost the child belongs not to the State, not even to the Church, but to his parents. They must choose for him. Their stronger arms must carry and protect him while he is weak. So their intellect and will must act for their child so long as his own spiritual faculties are undeveloped. God Himself has determined this order. And the Catholic Church will always respect and uphold the divine law of nature.

Infidel parents may object to the baptism of their child. The Church will respect their wishes because they are its representatives. But if such a child is in danger of death, circumstances are changed. There can no longer be question of the parents acting in the place of their child in choosing its state and position in life. In the supposition the child will have no life here on earth.

The canon says that such a child in danger of death may be baptized. A Catholic is not forbidden to baptize it. Baptism will entail no temporal advantages. Therefore its eternal welfare is to receive that consideration which its importance deserves.

Canon 752: *An adult may not be baptized unless he knowingly wishes it and has been properly instructed. He must also be admonished to be sorry for his sins.*

Why must an adult have the intention of receiving baptism?

Through baptism he becomes a Christian. He is taking many new obligations upon himself. He must henceforth regulate his life according to the teachings of Faith. In daily life obligations are not assumed unless one at least in a general way knows their import. The same is true of baptism. Hence the canon requires not only a proper intention in the recipient, but that he be fittingly instructed in the tenets of the Christian religion.

**Baptism
of Adults**

Why must he be admonished to be sorry for his sins?

He may have committed personal sins. Sincere sorrow for sin is always necessary for its forgiveness. Neither penance nor baptism can remit sin of which the sinner does not repent. If a person with mortal sin on his soul were to receive baptism without being sorry for that sin, the Sacrament would indeed be valid. But it would not cause sanctifying grace to reign in the soul until he made the act of repentance.

In the next two paragraphs, canon 752 states: *If an adult in danger*

of death cannot be fully instructed in the mysteries of Faith, it will be sufficient to baptize him, if he in any way shows that he accepts those mysteries, and sincerely promises that he will keep the commandments of the Christian religion. But if he cannot even ask for baptism, but has manifested or now manifests in some probable manner his intention of receiving it, he should be baptized conditionally. If he becomes well, and there is doubt about the validity of the baptism thus conferred, he should be baptized again conditionally.

If a sick person asks for baptism, he should be instructed in the teachings of faith as much as his condition permits. Why? He must know at least the principal teachings of Faith, and accept them; otherwise he would not be a Christian at all. On the other hand it is not necessary that he know explicitly all the tenets of the Christian Faith, in order to ask for baptism. It is sufficient if he knows the fundamental truths. Thus his request is not superstitious. His promise to keep the commandments shows his good will. This canon makes clear how careful the Church is that none should receive Catholic baptism without knowing what it implies, or without the intention of fulfilling his obligations as a Christian.

But if a dying adult cannot even ask for baptism, can he nevertheless be baptized? Might it not be said that if he had known about Christianity, or baptism, he would have asked for the Sacrament? If he never in life expressed a desire to enter the Catholic Church, or to receive baptism, then he cannot be baptized. Why? The intention to receive baptism is necessary for the validity of the Sacrament. That he would have asked for baptism, had he known the truth, does not amount to a real intention to receive the Sacrament.

But the last part of the canon states that if the dying adult now or at any time previous, in word or in sign, manifested only probably his wish to receive baptism, then he should be baptized conditionally. Why? It is not sure that he desires baptism. Probably he wants it; probably he does not. The only way to give him the Sacrament in case he desires it, and at the same time not to expose the sacred rite to nullity in case he does not, is to administer the Sacrament conditionally. The person baptizing should then have an intention such as the following: "I baptize thee, if thou desirest it, in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

Since the Sacrament in the previous case really depended on the

person's intention to receive it, there might be doubt about its actual reception. The canon therefore wisely enjoins that if the person should get better, and the doubt still remains, he should be baptized conditionally again.

Canon 753: *It is fitting that both the priest who is to baptize adults, and the persons themselves should be fasting.*

Why? In the first centuries the law obliged all those mentioned in the canon to fast. Baptism was administered to adults during the first part of the Mass. The bishop would then say Mass, and the newly baptized receive holy Communion.

The second paragraph of this canon therefore continues: *Unless grave and urgent causes prevent it, an adult after receiving baptism should at once assist at holy Mass and receive holy Communion.*

Why? It is an old custom that goes back not merely a few hundred years, but nearly two thousand year. But why did the first Christians act thus, and why does the Church wish this custom to be continued? Holy Mass is the center of Christian worship, and holy Communion the food that is necessary to preserve the supernatural life of the soul. Through this custom the Church teaches in a very practical way the importance of these salutary truths.

Canon 754: *Those laboring under any form of insanity may not be baptized, unless they were in that condition from birth, or before the use of reason; in which case they are to be baptized as infants. If the insane have moments of sanity, they are to be baptized when they are in their right mind and desire baptism. Such persons should also be baptized when in danger of death, if before they lost their reason, they manifested a desire for baptism. A person in coma or delirium should not be baptized until he regains consciousness and desires baptism. But if he is in danger of death he should be baptized, if before losing consciousness he expressed a wish for baptism.*

**Baptism of
the Insane**

These detailed regulations show very well how extremely concerned the Church is that no one who ever had or will have the use of reason, should be baptized contrary to his wish.

The true way to make progress in virtue is to preserve holy joyousness.—*St. Philip Neri.*

Gathered at Dawn

SANCTITY AMONG OUR CHILDREN

PETER J. ETZIG, C.Ss.R.

XVI.

The great war prelate, Cardinal Mercier, sat reading in his study. As he turned the pages of the volume his thoughts became articulate: "Here indeed one must repeat the words: *Revelasti ea parvulis* (Thou hast revealed these things to little ones)!" His thoughts went back to the time when his hands lay in Confirmation upon a little girl's head. The child was now with God, but her name remained a benediction among her friends. The volume the Cardinal was reading is entitled: "*Une Petite Fleur de Sion*" (A Little Flower of Sion), and the little girl he was thinking about was Marie.

MARIE . . . 1912-1924

Marie was born on November 26, 1912, and baptized the next day. Her mother was seriously ill and offered her life in exchange for that of her child, but God heard her prayer in a far different way. The child proved to be of a serious and gentle disposition and very precocious. Already at three she would embrace her mother upon awakening only after she had said her morning prayers.

GARDENING DIFFICULTIES

But Marie (her family name is withheld by the biographer) was no made-to-order saint. She was very sensitive, and tears were always handy so that her elder brother nicknamed her "*Mademoiselle Fontaine*." She had an aversion for the little "jobs" usually allotted to children around the house. Above all she did hate the very idea of lacing her shoes. Her mother made her do all these things, but in doing so Marie was more often than not "*Mademoiselle Fontaine*." She had a passion for exactness and precision (*Mademoiselle Precise*, according to her waggish brother), a fact which made her reflective and silent. This added to a natural timidity and slowness often proved provoking to people around the household. But all was neutralized and overcome with the decision to do all "to please the little Jesus." Marie, was not vain, and when compliments about beautiful eyes and pretty curls would come her way she dismissed them saying "People say such things to please Mamma."

THE EARLY CULTURE

During the war, the family moved to England and resided near London. Here Mrs. N. sent her children to be educated at the convent of the Ladies of St. Maur, a French community expelled from France. The child proved a very good scholar and at five brought home the report: "General satisfaction, especially for good conduct. Sister St. George, Superioress."

After the war, however, the family again returned to Belgium and resided in Anvers. Marie was then entrusted to the care of the Religious of Notre Dame de Sion, where she was prepared for her first Communion. The child showed remarkable avidity for religious teaching, and acknowledged that the best half hour of the day was that of religious instruction. When Mimine as she had come to be called was six and a half years old she received her First Communion. It was Ascension day, May 29, 1919. The event made an indelible impression on the minds of her teachers, and the priest who was selected to give the Communion address said that he needed no other inspiration than the recollection of Marie.

After her First Communion, Marie became a regular pupil at the convent of De Sion. The good Sisters early introduced their pupils to the idea of sacrifice, inculcating zeal for the conversion of sinners and the return of Israel to the fold. One of the customs of the convent school was to expose a crown of thorns during the season of Lent. The thorns of this crown could be removed and supplanted by a rose for any honor-note that a pupil might gain at this time. The children worked hard to take thorns from the crown so as to have a crown of roses for Our Lord when Lent would be over. Marie would be radiant with happiness when on returning home she would whisper into mother's ear: "Mamma, I was able to put a rose in Jesus' crown today!" Another incentive to sacrifice was the custom of "the little boats of the month of May." Little boats bearing the name of a pupil moved more or less rapidly towards a luminous picture of Mary, Star of the Sea, according as the pupil gained merits to approach the picture. Marie would be filled with joy on the day that she could announce that her boat had touched the Star.

THE OPENING OF THE FLOWER.

One of the major influences in the child's life, was her familiarity with the life of the Little Flower. A child's biography of the Saint

(then Blessed) was placed in her hands—it was her first book. The First Communion of the Carmelite made a lasting impression and she made her own the practice there suggested of offering each evening to the Infant a sheaf of sacrifices “as a bouquet of roses and lilies of which He might make Himself a crib” Devotion to Mary also was deeply impressed, and she took as her principle of life, that which ruled the Little Flower’s: “There is only one thing to do: to cast before Jesus the flowers of little sacrifices, and then to abandon oneself completely to Him.”

To prepare the child to bear the sacrifices that lay hidden in the future, God so disposed things that Marie received the sacrament of Confirmation while yet quite young. The event took place on June 12, 1921, at the hands of the great Cardinal Mercier. How well Marie absorbed the spirit of sacrifice and how marvellously the gift of the sacrament of Confirmation worked in her, the sequel will show.

When Mimine was eight years old, her teacher gave the class a task which consisted in this: Answer the question: Why do you love Jesus? Her answer, written in her large hand, is really charming: “I love the good Jesus, because He was born in a poor little crib; because he died on a cross to save us; because He makes Himself so little so as to come in the white host; because he has given me such good parents, and such nice brothers and sisters; because He has created such a beautiful nature; because He has placed in it birds that sing so well; because He has given me so many beautiful things, and has placed me in such a good school with such good teachers.”

PASSION FLOWER.

In June of the year 1923 Marie and the family attended the farewell tendered to a Jesuit missionary bound for the Congo. The event made a deep impression on the child, who showed a distinct missionary spirit. The event, therefore, is instinct with meaning, prefacing as it does, the year and a half of suffering the child was about to begin.

Quite suddenly and without any warning, Marie was attacked by a kind of rheumatism of the joints. She suffered intensely and ran a very high fever. Every joint seemed to be attacked in succession, till at last the heart and lungs were invaded. In her delirium she would call out to baptize the heathens, and one time she sat up in bed and stretching out her arms, cried out: “How many of them I see who are not baptized!” And then with a gesture of embrace: “I would like to baptize all of them!” It is remarkable that the return to the faith after

twenty years of laxity of her grandfather almost coincided with the sudden beginning of Marie's malady. It may have been mere delirium, but the refrain was the same during these days of agony: "That the missionaries may be able to baptize many little children!"

A Novena in honor of the Little Flower was begun, and a relic, a piece of linen from the exhumed body was applied to Marie. As soon as it was touched to her, she exclaimed: "O what a strong odor of roses!" All present in the room perceived the remarkable fragrance. Despite all prayer, however, June 25, the fifth day of the sickness found Marie at death's door. She was entirely paralyzed with pain, her arms crossed on her breast in the form of a cross.

"Do you wish to go to heaven, darling," Mrs. N. asked her, "or do you wish to be cured?"

"Just as little Jesus wishes," came the almost inaudible reply.

TINTING THE FLOWER.

But Marie did not die. The agony continued, and the child, sleepless for fifteen days and nights, was reduced to great emaciation, although her face always remained astonishingly beautiful. Marie always so lively and full of health and spirit, in fifteen days made a shadow of her former self. How mysterious are the workings of God!

She never complained and although she described her sufferings as "terrible" it was done with the purest resignation and contentment. Her pain always seemed to gain in intensity during the night and particularly from midnight till about four o'clock in the morning.

"O Mamma," the little victim asked her mother one night, "why must one always suffer more during the night?"

"Because, darling," came the quiet reply, "sins committed then are more numerous and horrible. For this reason religious men and women rise at night to pray; little children also should offer their sufferings to satisfy Divine justice."

"I understand," Marie answered after a while, "I wish to suffer if by my doing so sinners may reach heaven."

The spine and neck were next invaded by the disease and the little sufferer one dreadful night confessed: "I have fire in all my members." A respite came in the middle of August but a lapse set in almost immediately. Double pleurisy added to the sufferings which no ministrations could soothe. Injections had to be given to sustain the heart, but never a complaint from Marie, never even a petition for a cure or relief.

One day she was shown a picture of children at play.

"O Mamma," she cried, "to play—to run!"

"Perhaps you will soon be able to play and to run, darling," the mother replied, "as other little children do."

"O I would like to . . . so much . . ." she answered, her voice filled with longing. But almost immediately she regretted having said that.

"But if Jesus loves me more when I am lying here, it is well." August 15 was a gala day at the home of Marie; she seemed to be improving. A week later, she was taken to her grandfather's home some distance away. All had high hope that she would mend, only the old man shook his head and said: "This child will not live!" He himself died less than a week after and Marie was to follow him after a few months. She remained at this place till the middle of October and seemed to be on way to recovery. For a while she could sit up and read and do little things like weaving flowers for Our Lady, but soon her heart was once more attacked and she was confined to her bed. She read much, especially of the lives of the saints, showing special preference for St. Agnes and St. Genevieve. But her favorite book was the biography of the Little Flower.

THE LAST TOUCH.

November 28 found Marie reduced to such straits that oxygen treatment had to be resorted to. Viaticum was to be administered the next day. That night a remarkable incident happened. Mrs. N. herself relates the occurrence:

"I knelt beside the bed and what did I see? All of a sudden, the child spent with suffering, became as one transfigured, beautiful and smiling; her look seemed to be held by something. She remained motionless as one in ecstasy. It seemed to me to last quite a long time. I dared not disturb her.

"Suddenly turning her eyes toward me, she said:

" 'Mamma, I have seen heaven!'

" 'What have you seen darling?'

" 'O that I cannot say. I have seen . . . all . . . and I would like to go to heaven.' "

Marie repeated the same thing to her father who then entered the room and also to the priest who came the next day.

One day, she said quite simply to her mother:

"Mamma dear, how I love you!" and she passed her thin hand across the face of her mother. "But I love Little Jesus more than I do you." The mother read the look of inquiry in the child's face, and answered:

"And mamma loves little Jesus more than she loves Mimine." The child's face lit up with an angelic smile of appreciation; for the mother's answer measured up to her own.

A little improvement allowed her to be transported to Anvers, her own home, but with the end of the year the final episode was about to be enacted.

THE GARDENER'S CHOICE

January 8 saw her sinking rapidly, for the heart, lungs and stomach were affected, causing her pains that medical science avers are perhaps the most severe known. The next day a cough caused her untold distress. That night no sleep came to her but the next morning she fell into a quiet sleep. Upon awakening she called for mother and told her that she felt so glad that she would be going to heaven that day. "Little Jesus, come . . . come quickly," was constantly on her lips. Meanwhile her pains seemed to increase and she pressed her crucifix to her lips: "Little Jesus I accept all, all, all . . . I give you my heart, my soul, by life, all . . ." She repeated every prayer suggested to her.

She had expressed a desire to see the Little Flower before death and the favor was granted at this high tide of agony. As the mother knelt broken-hearted at the bedside, she cried out: "Little Soeur Therese, come!" Immediately Marie opened her eyes, wide with joy, and exclaimed: "I see her! See over there!" After a few moments the mother asked: "Do you still see her?" "No, no more," and the little sufferer fell back on the pillow.

The agony continued. The hours dragged on and she who had been consumed by fever up to this time, now complained that she was cold. And in all truth, the mother's hand enclosed a little thin hand that was already cold in approaching death. "Little . . . Jesus! come quickly!" and then came the labored pronunciation of the Sacred Names. The death candle was lit, and Marie seemed to gather all her strength in a last effort as she cried out in a strong voice: "Little Jesus! . . . I . . . love . . . you . . . very much . . ." and, spreading out her thin arms, "more . . . than . . . all . . . the world." It was her act of perfect love. She asked for her brother and expressed a desire to see him, but he was at college. And then she sank into the pillows and her

soul went to God. January 10, 1924, the 35th anniversary of the taking of the habit of the Little Flower.

AND NOW THE FRAGRANCE REMAINS.

The funeral was celebrated on the 14th, and two days later another Mass was celebrated at Anvers in the church of the Holy Spirit. The loss the family suffered became more and more a comforting souvenir so that the words of the saintly Cure of Ars are fast becoming a fact of experience: "Wherever the Saints pass, they leave something of God." And now when you ask the parents how many children they have, they invariably reply: "Seven; one in heaven and six here on earth;" or should you meet Marguerite, Marie's little sister and ask her: "Where is Mimine?" you would get this charming reply: "Mimine? Why, she's in heaven with the little angels."

Thus the fragrance remains; but it had come as of old, only when the alabaster box was broken. Will you deny this fragrance to your child? or will you too treasure the lovely memento God has given to you by helping it to reach the ideal it longs for—to please Little Jesus in everything—in other words to reproduce Marie?

A SAINT AND CHILDREN

St. Philip Neri, a saint of charming simplicity, was all things to all men in the city of Rome, from the Pope down to the children in the streets. He knew how to be scholarly with scholars; but he liked better to be childlike with children. On beautiful spring days he used to take the young people to the famous Tasso oak in the garden of St. Onofrio and lead their games.

Children always had access to him and were at liberty to shout and romp around the house. When people wondered how he could stand it, he said:

"I should be glad to let them chop wood on my back, if only they keep free from sin."

There is nothing more important, especially when we are young, than for us to realize the immense power of the mind over the body; there is nothing more useful for us to learn than the exercise of that power, or more valuable than to accustom our bodies to obey its will.—*Foerster*.

For and Against

Comment on Social Problems

B. A. Connelly, C.Ss.R.

The coming of a new year and the early inauguration of a political regime of hope gives pause to thinking men. What will the new things bring to a nation in distress?

The substance of our hope in the future is the economic rehabilitation of a more prosperous people. Government is pledged to this purpose. The political ambition of two great parties was predicated upon the achievement of this great end. But, pledges have value only in redemption. Political ambition has definitely accepted the test of redemption. What shall be the result?

**A Nation's
Hope**

Certainly the first responsibility of all those who work for the economic rehabilitation of the people is the study and careful consideration of the various proposals for reform that have been put forth by students of the problem. Three such proposals merit special consideration. They are: 1) the five day-week; 2) debt moratoria; and 3) emergency relief for those who lack the necessities of life.

* * *

All economic experts are agreed that our productive capacity far exceed our power to consume. Goods of almost every description would be produced far in excess of need, if we run our productive machinery at full time throughout the year. Add to this consideration the fact that ability to consume, for the great mass of the people, is dependent upon a continuous and substantial wage. Therefore, continual employment at a substantial wage is an economic necessity for the people generally. While the economic organization of our national life remains what it is, a shorter work-week without substantial decrease of wages seems to be the only solution.

**Five Day
Week**

* * *

The problem that is summarized in the term *debt moratoria* is two-fold. It involves the question both of private debts and of public debts.

**Debt
Moratoria**

Both problems are marvellously involved with a thousand considerations of serious import that tend to stagger judgment. And yet, each has a central controlling factor that should rule judgment in times of emergency.

The problem of private debts comes to a head, for purposes of pub-

lic policy, in the threat to farm and home ownership of a vast number of the nation's most valuable economic and social assets.

Private Debts Land and home booms were a feature of our period of inflated values. The promoter was busy in this field as in that of industrial values. He fathered and nursed the boom in land values,—and did so with marginal purchases, especially in the home ownership field, equally with the now condemned marginal transactions of the stock exchange operators.

With the crash of the boom, equities or claims in the land now exceed the real value of the mortgaged properties, and the scramble is on to redeem boom equities with reduced values. In the scramble the home owner and the farm owner will be wiped out of the equation unless fortune, fate or some wise provision of legislative jurisdiction rescues him. Fortune and fate are poor providers, and government has decided that legislative action is necessary. It becomes, now, a serious question of public policy, whether government should in the interest of the common welfare rescue the social parasite, the boom promoter and the mortgage holder, or undertake to assist the fundamental bulwark of social life, the home owner and the farm owner.

The public debt problem centers on the question of ability to pay,—assuming of course the justice of the debt and a reasonably honest intention to liquidate the debt. Any reasonable debt fails of immediate urgency when fortune so changes the condition of the debtor as to make payment impossible. And it is a responsibility of the creditor to take into account this factor in urging his claims. Creditor governments are not absolved from this responsibility, and debtor governments have a responsibility to their people to defend them against unreasonable demands upon their resources.

The international debt question is not settled by the shortsighted *patriot's* cry, "There shall be no revision." If revision is necessary, by all means revise. If the granting of moratoria, without further revision is called for, by all means grant moratoria.

Farm and home debts are not settled by foreclosures. Such action but deflates further real values and robs the nation of the only lasting basis for a returned prosperity. Here also revision and moratoria offer a way to sanity and economic health.

* * *

Relief for those who walk the streets in search of work to support dependent families is unquestionably a responsibility of government.

Whether immediate responsibility lies with local government units or with the federal government may be a nice question of policy. That is, it may be when viewed by itself and as an abstract problem. But the federal government was not stopped by any such nice questions of policy when the railroads, the insurance companies and the bankers sought relief. Government relief should be for all or for none.

No banker or investor has such a stake in the world's welfare as the man who lives by his job and with that job supports an institution of greater value to mankind, to the nation and to the state than any one, or any number of railroads, banking houses or trust companies. On his feeble shoulders and with the help of his job he supports a *family*. Nay more, it is his job that supports the whole superstructure of complex institutional organization that represents the social life of civilized man. Government, federal, state or municipal, cannot ignore in its relief measures this supremely important figure,—cannot ignore him and live.

How easy for the federal government, if it is going to be captious and nice about "direct relief of the individual," to distribute its generous alms to the captains of industry and finance, but with the definite and clear condition that for every million dollars loaned, a good and sufficient number of well paid work hours for some otherwise unemployed workman would be returned to the treasury of the national resources.

Let the *captains* be captains indeed, and get something done. Let government know its power, and use that power effectively for those whose need is greatest, and whom government needs the most, and then it shall not have to apologize for opening the public treasury.

* * *

An opportunity for the laity, in no matter what circumstances of life they may be, to take part in the work of the Church to lift the depression and reform the social order, has been given by the foundation of the Catholic League for Social Justice, an organization launched in the Archdiocese of New York with the approval and blessing of Cardinal Hayes.

The key-note and plan of the organization was outlined by Mr. Michael O'Shaughnessy, a prominent business journalist, in a letter

published in a number of Catholic newspapers and magazines last September:

"The social, financial and industrial dislocation that has overwhelmed the world demands that we conform our human relations to our spiritual ideals, and the value and security of all property and the material happiness of all the people of the United States depends upon the attainment in this country of social justice as propounded by our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, in his inspired encyclical, 'Quadragesimo Anno.' Convinced that the difficulties in the way of realizing this hope are so overwhelmingly great that success can only be had through Divine assistance, we have decided to associate ourselves in a League for Social Justice in which the only qualification for membership will be a pledge by each member as nearly as possible to hear Holy Mass every day and receive Holy Communion once a week for the success of our efforts, and each one undertaking to do everything in his power, in his family and business life and in his social and business contacts, to promote the principles of social justice as defined by our Holy Father."

An essential prerequisite of all true social reform is provided for by this organization. A spiritual reawakening in the conscience of the individual and humble imploring of the Divine assistance must precede and go hand in hand with direct efforts at social reform.

Complete copies of the plan of the League and information concerning it are obtained by writing to the League for social Justice, 30 West 16th St., New York City.

SWEET REASONABLENESS

St. Teresa, we are told, never knew fear. She never drew back before anything, not even before the Inquisition. In a great many parts of her writings, she spoke of her invincible courage—a courage, she said, which went to the point of harshness.

This harshness, however, was very prompt to relax. She had a deep humaneness in the noblest sense of the word, a real sweetness, but a masculine sweetness which detested unhealthy sentimentality, maudlin tears and sentimental comedies.

To cure a religious rapt in melancholy or given to fantastic visions. she prosaically wrote to the superior:

"Make her eat meat."

Apostle of the Lepers

THE VEN. PETER DONDEERS, C. Ss. R.

N. GOVERS, C.Ss.R.

CHAPTER XVI. LAST DAYS AND DEATH.

At length the day was approaching on which the Servant of God should leave this earth. God was about to reward him for the life of eminent virtue which he had led from his tender years to advanced old age. That Providence which had watched over him with such fatherly care in all the different circumstances of life would not abandon him at the end of his earthly career. God's Providence had ordained that the saintly priest should close his pilgrimage in the very place where for more than twenty-six years he had spent himself for the welfare of the lepers. At Batavia, the Apostle of the Lepers should receive the crown of reward from the hand of God!

In narrating the circumstances of his precious death, we shall point to another virtue not yet mentioned, namely, his devotion to the Blessed Virgin, the Mother of Perseverance. He loved to address this good Mother every evening: "My Mother, by the love which thou bearest to God, I beseech thee to help me at all times, but especially at the last moment of my life. Leave me not until thou seest me safe in heaven, blessing thee and singing thy mercies for all eternity. Amen." Mary, in whom, says St. Bonaventure, no one confides in vain, would not desert her faithful servant.

It was the seventeenth of November, 1885. A number of lepers, radiant with joy, moved down the path which led from the church to the river. All whose sickly limbs would allow hastened to the pier. Among them there was one that wore the habit of a Redemptorist,—good Father Bakker, who a few years previously had been stricken with this dreadful disease.

The boat that was bringing back to them their beloved Father Donders was drawing near. He was coming once more to reside among his sick and dearly beloved friends. As the saintly Missionary stepped ashore, all knelt down and asked his blessing. Then they conducted him with hymns of joy to the church. From the very first day of his return he began again to live the same life of prayer, mortification, and charity that he had lived so many years in their midst. With a zeal that never

faltered, he again devoted himself to the spiritual interests of the lepers, visited the plantations, the Bush-Negroes, and the Indians. At the age of seventy-seven he took upon himself labors that would have been most fatiguing for a missionary in the prime of life. Toward the end of 1886 he set out to visit the Maratacca Indians . . . It was a long journey of seven or eight days in a row-boat. God had ordained that it should be his last trip, to be followed only by the greater journey to eternity.

From the year 1884 Father Donders speaks in his letters more explicitly of his approaching death. After the example of his holy Founder, St. Alphonsus, who in his old age was filled with apprehension with regard to his last hour, he urgently besought his friends to remember him in their prayers. "I am an old man," he writes, "and death cannot be far off. I trust, therefore, that you will pray for me, that I may die a happy death. I have made my annual Retreat as if it were to be the last." And to the members of the Blessed Sacrament Society he writes: "When you kneel in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament, remember also me, old man that I am, that our Blessed Lord may be merciful to me in life and in death and grant me a favorable judgment after death." Thus does the judgment of God, in whose sight the very angels are not spotless, make the saints tremble with fear for their own weakness and inconstancy. The Venerable Servant of God, however, had every reason to meet death with confidence, for he had a most powerful Protectress. "It is through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin," he writes, "that I hope to receive the grace of perseverance," Not in vain did he place all his trust in the Blessed Mother of God, for he was her true servant.

As a fervent Redemptorist, his first thoughts upon awaking were directed to her. Every day he said the Rosary, paid a visit to one of her images. Every evening he read a chapter of the "Glories of Mary," and on Saturday and the vigils of her feasts he fasted in her honor. For her feasts he was wont to prepare by a special novena. He would begin and finish every action of importance with a Hail Mary. The last prayer of the night prayers recited by the community was in her honor, and the last short prayer said privately in his room before retiring to rest, was again to his Blessed Mother. But Father Donders was not satisfied with what every good Redemptorist was expected to do in honor of the Blessed Virgin. Every day he would recite the Office of the Blessed

Virgin, and so exact was he in this particular, that, says Father Van Coll, it seemed as if he had made a vow to do so. Wherever he was, whithersoever he went, his fingers would tell the beads of her Rosary in prayer.

His devotion to Mary led him to speak often of her, and to teach his lepers diverse ways of honoring her. From his first arrival at Batavia, he held a service three times a week in honor of this Blessed Mother, and he kept up this practice for a considerable time. At the end of the night prayers he would conduct the sick to St. Mary's Chapel on the river-bank. There they all prayed together to the Blessed Virgin, that through her powerful intercession the vices of idolatry and immorality might disappear. "When I performed this act of devotion for the first time," Father Donders writes, "my heart was deeply moved. Picture to yourself in that solitary place, far removed from all society, by the silent stream and under the fair moonlight, a priest walking in surplice and stole, preceded by the Cross of our Redeemer and followed by a multitude, both young and old; all of them poor, infected and miserable, imploring the Blessed Mother of God with prayers and hymns on the very ruins of paganism! May our Blessed Mother hear their prayers!"

After the example of his blessed Founder, St. Alphonsus, the Servant of God loved to preach every Saturday on the glories of Mary. During his absence this pious exercise had been neglected by the priest in charge, as the number of the hearers was so small. As soon as Father Donders returned, his first step was to resume this devotion again. It is related that he seemed to deliver these discourses with greater fervor and unction than any others. Some witnesses attest that on whatever subject he might preach, he never failed to mention the name of his Blessed Mother. He also took care that every house was provided with either an image or a picture of Mary. The reason he was so anxious to promote this devotion, it is needless to say, was his conviction that to bring about the conversion of sinners and of pagans there was no more powerful means than the devotion to the Blessed Mother of God. Consequently, when going in search of a lost sheep, he would always recommend it to the prayers of his friends: "Do say a Hail Mary, I beg of you," he would say.

In December, 1886, the saintly priest paid a visit to all the sick who could not leave their poor dwellings, heard their confessions and brought

them Holy Communion. In no more suitable way could he have taken leave of them, for, indeed, his death was near at hand. Repeatedly he had said to Father Bakker, his only companion at Batavia, that he felt rather unwell. But whenever Father Bakker inquired after his health, his ready answer was: "Very well; much better." On Friday, the last day of the year, Father Donders preached the evening sermon. It was to be his last address to his people. During the recreation he was as cheerful as ever. No perceptible change indicating the presence of any disease showed itself. But no sooner had he retired for the night than a violent inflammation of the kidneys became apparent. It was this painful sickness that would carry him to the grave. Immediately the physician was sent for. He administered some medicine to the patient, but without any effect.

Next morning, it was New Year's Day, 1887, the Venerable Servant of God wished to preach once more in the church. Father Bakker, however, persuaded him not to trouble himself about it and to leave the task to himself. Father Donders felt this disappointment keenly, for it was a Saturday, on which day he had never omitted to speak on the Blessed Virgin. Next day, January 2, the news reached Paramaribo that Father Donders was seriously ill, and would be brought to the capital that very day. His illness, meanwhile, had taken so marked a turn for the worse that the physician advised against removing him. Right Rev. Bishop Schaap immediately dispatched a letter to Holland: "I think, he wrote, "we must be prepared to hear that it has pleased the good God to call His most faithful servant to his reward. How well off he will be!"

As one of the Missionaries was just about to set out for a Mission on the Saramacca River, he was ordered to convey the Servant of God to Paramaribo. But hearing on the way that the patient's condition was improving, he did not call at Batavia, but continued on his usual route. A second letter from Batavia, stating that the sick man was getting worse, was much delayed. Father Bakker might, on his own authority, have conveyed the invalid to the capital. That he did not do so was nothing but the gentle leading of God's Providence, who wanted his Servant to die among his lepers and be crowned on the field of honor.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

St. Francis: "Let those who belong to the devil hang their heads; we ought to be glad and rejoice in the Lord."

Catholic Anecdotes

HE KEPT HIS PROMISE

The French infidel d'Alembert, having renounced faith in God, wished with a peculiar malice to close all ways to its possible recovery. With this end he made his friend, Diderot, another infidel, promise him that if he were present at his deathbed, he would allow no priest to come near him.

In the course of time d'Alembert was attacked by a fatal illness and Diderot was at his bedside. The approach of death did indeed bring about a change in the infidel's views. He turned to his friend and asked him to bring him a priest. "He turned coward," as one of his acquaintances ironically put it.

But Diderot laughed at the sick man's request. "You made me promise," he said, "and I'll be faithful. I'll keep my promise."

"But," said the dying man, "it's different now. Please send for a priest."

"My dear friend," answered Diderot, "you are delirious. Just lie down and be quiet and you will be all right."

D'Alembert begged and pleaded, but Diderot was inflexible, and remained alone with the dying man until the end.

Later he related the event to his friends, saying:

"It was fortunate that I was there. If I had not been on hand, he would surely have taken the plunge."

SOLDIER'S PRAYER

The following anecdote of a soldier, who wrote to his mother from the field of action during the late world war to assure her that he was keeping up his religious duties, is taken by the Catholic News from the *Catholic Laity*, Dublin:

"For some days," wrote the boy, "I had been anxious to go to confession, but there was no priest near our quarters. I was walking along the road all alone, whistling your favorite hymn, 'O Purest of Creatures, Sweet Mother, Sweet Maid,' thinking how the Mother of God has a

care of us. She knew my want just then. Rounding a corner, still whistling, I met an officer, saluted, and he answered back:

"'You're a Catholic, my boy?'"

"'Yes, surely,' I answered.

"'I thought so, from the tune you were whistling,' continued the officer. 'Been to confession lately? I'm a Catholic priest.'

"'Well, this is luck! 'Twas you I was whistling for to the Mother of God! I'm ready to confess, Father, and so are some of the other lads back there. Could you come to us?'"

"'Gladly,' answered the priest.

"And the hymn whistled to Our Lady proved instrumental in winning many graces for soldier souls that day."

A GOOD SHEPHERD

During the French Revolution, the residence of the Archbishop of Paris was plundered and wasted, his library and household furnishings thrown into the Seine or burned.

From this time on the Archbishop lived in retirement until the year 1832, when the terrible scourge of cholera broke out in Paris. During the plague he again appeared in public, visiting the hospitals, going among the sick and dying, dispensing, like the Savior, comfort, kind words and help wherever he went.

To the gifts which were given him by strangers to dispense among the afflicted he added what he had left of his personal possessions. He turned his own house into an infirmary for the convalescent and his seminary into a hospital for the sick. He claimed the afflicted as his own.

One day one of the poor wretches who was wasted with the cholera cried out in remorse to the Archbishop:

"Alas, I was one of those who plundered your residence in the July revolution!"

The noble prelate answered:

"My brother, that is one more reason why I should love you and help you and reconcile you with God."

St. Bernard used to say: If mercy were a sin, I believe I could not keep from committing it.

Pointed Paragraphs

LOVE

The stable, the crib, the cold of Christmas—still speak eloquently to us. Love is their message—a tremendous love of God for man.

Love is destined to be mutual. Love demands a return of love.

To love God is the end of man's existence; it is the reason for his being. It is his first duty at the dawn of reason. It is the greatest duty—all other duties are subordinate to it. It is the most important duty—everything depends on it. It is the only duty—all else is included in it. It is the easiest duty—for all who know Christ and have hearts that react to unselfish love.

Has the lesson of the crib been lost?

NUMEROLOGY AND NEWSPAPERS

A newspaper trade journal carries an advertisement from the Chicago Tribune Newspapers Syndicate offering to its subscribers a feature called "Numerology." It says of this feature:

"When the New York News printed the first article in this feature, it received 4,000 replies by the first mail. A coupon for readers to fill out and mail, brings them advice on character, suggestions for success, lucky days for 1933. Because it's personal, Numerology is intensely interesting."

The coupon to be carried in the paper reads: "The News Numerologist will give you a list of your Lucky Days to the end of 1933, advice in regard to your character, suggestions for success in business, money affairs, love and marriage—free—upon receipt of the coupon below properly filled out." Then follows space for full name, day, month and year of birth.

This feature is said to be a sure-fire circulation promoter. "Personal—therefore interesting"—therefore lucrative. The only hitch in the question is left out: the fact that Numerology is a pure and simple fraud designed to wear down the buyer resistance of ignorant and gullible people.

It may be said by newspaper ethicians that this so-called scientific feature is presented all in fun; that it is like reading the teacups or telling fortunes in a drawing room. None need be taken in by it. The fact remains that many people are taken in by it—and rather than promote and feed the superstitions of our illiterates (and some too of the literate), it is the sociological responsibility of a newspaper to decry them. But, alas, that would not help the circulation.

Recently there were campaigns against obscene advertisements in the newspaper field. Leaders in journalism have for years been trying to purge the trade of the practice of advertising quack medicines and fraudulent selling schemes. They need now to be purged of these "baiters of the superstitious" that are so helpful to circulation.

Catholics can lead the campaign, at least by ignoring the "new feature;" possibly even by expressing their objection to editors.

AN ECHO OF THE OXFORD MOVEMENT

On July 14, 1833, John Keble gave a lecture at Oxford University in England entitled: "National Apostasy." It was a protest against the liberalism that had honeycombed the Church of England.

Cardinal Newman later pointed back to that speech of Keble as the beginning of the Oxford Movement, that led him and scores of other Anglicans into the Church of Rome. Nevertheless the Movement was called a failure by some. It brought about no mass conversions. It left the Church of England in great part as it was.

The Oxford Movement could not rightly be called a failure, had it succeeded only in bringing about the conversion of Newman. It did far more than that—and its influence has persisted to our own times. An evidence of this is to be found in the jointly-signed manifesto issued recently by fifty-one Anglo-Catholic clergymen at the observance of the 100th anniversary of the Oxford Movement.

The manifesto makes detailed accusations against "Anglo-Catholicism" and recommends union with Rome. It says:

"We share in the hope and ideal of reunion with the rest of the Catholic Church which was cherished by the Oxford leaders and which it was early perceived was included in their appeal. . . . Our Lord set up but One Church, the members of which were to be in communion one with another. This One Catholic Church was constituted with St.

Peter as its Foundation and Head, and forever has as its Center and Guide on earth the successor of St. Peter.

"This truth we confess, and hence, while striving also for reunion with the Orthodox Churches of the East, we declare that the real and essential goal is reunion with the Apostolic See of Rome . . .

"The existence of the Church of England as a body separate de facto from the rest of the Catholic Church is only tolerable when it is regarded as a temporary evil, destined to disappear when God shall please to restore us to our normal place among our brethren.

"It is well to bear in mind that the Catholic revival in the Church of England will only be safeguarded and made permanent by the recognition of that Authority whose divinely appointed office it is to 'strengthen the brethren' and who always and everywhere preserves the one Faith in its integrity.

"We assert that reunion with Rome is the logical and highest goal and the natural consummation of the movement celebrated by the present centenary. For that consummation it is a supreme duty to work and pray."

There is much that is illogical in the statement: especially the clear recognition of the center of unity in Christ's Church and the too pliant waiting for God "to restore us to our normal place." Yet there is ground for hope—that individual conversions will continue to occur. The effect of the Oxford movement will still live on.

A NEW VENTURE

A new periodical, dedicated to social reform, has been brought into being. It is called *The Guildsman* and is edited and published monthly by Edward A. Koch, who was formerly an editor of the *Josephinum Weekly*. The cost is \$1.50 a year.

In the second issue of *The Guildsman*, that of November, the editor comments on the task of gaining circulation. Quoting an editorial of the *Buffalo Echo*, he says:

"We are in dire need of being waked up, for here, as in England, educated people are seriously foretelling the advent of Communism. What are we doing to get the teachings of the Church to the constantly growing crowd of discontented and starving workers? This must be done, unless we want to spend many years, after the establishment of

Communism, explaining that the Church was not an ally of the exploiters of the people, but stood for the rights of the people against the prevailing abuses."

The purpose of *The Guildsman* is to supply the need. It is to place the Church's position on social justice before the minds of the people, that they may be able intelligently to take part in reforming the present system, and steadfastly ward off the growing danger of Communism.

Though the American field, as has been remarked by many, is already almost too generously supplied with Catholic periodicals and magazines, the *Guildsman* deserves a hearty welcome. It is hoped that it will arouse interest to the support and enlargement of Mr. Koch's individual effort to develop a new medium of enlightenment on social welfare for the American people.

A BABY BONUS

It is reported in the Chicago Tribune that the City of Paris has increased the bonus to be paid out of the city treasury to fathers and mothers of large families.

Henceforth the city will give a birth-day present of \$26 to the third child of each family; formerly the bonus for the third child was \$14. The fourth child will receive \$34, as compared with the former bonus of \$18. The fifth is to receive a proportionate increase, while the sixth child and each of its successors will be given the handsome sum of \$50.

This action on the part of the Paris administration is significant, and no doubt may rightly be read to mean that the city now wishes it had taken steps to prevent the dissimulation of artificial birth-control propaganda when the movement was in its infancy. No doubt it did not then recognize the inevitable results of the practice that it is forced to recognize today.

American propagandists for artificial birth-control might herein learn a lesson. The practice solves a great problem, they say; and are too shortsighted to see that, like any proffered remedy that contradicts nature, it creates other problems whose solution it will take generations to find.

The innocent have direct comfort from God Himself. There is nothing bitter where there is not sin.—*Katherine Tynan*.

LIGUORIANA

EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

THE NAME OF JESUS

The name of Jesus is our consolation; for by invoking it we can find relief in all our tribulations. If we have recourse to Jesus; He is willing to console us, because

From "the Novena for Christmas"

He loves us; and He is able to console us, because He is not only man, but is also the almighty God. But sinners fail to invoke this great name of salvation, because they do not wish to be healed of their afflictions. Jesus Christ is ready to heal all our wounds; but if a person loves his wounds and refuses to be cured, how can Christ cure him?

The Venerable Sister Mary Crocifissa of Sicily once saw Our Lord as it seemed to her in a hospital, going about with medicines in His hands to heal the sick people who were there; but the unfortunate people, instead of thanking Him and calling Him, drove Him away. Many sinners act in the same manner. After they have deliberately poisoned themselves with sin, they refuse the gift of health, that is, the grace of God, which is offered them by Our Lord, and so remain miserably abandoned in their affliction.

On the other hand, what fear need that sinner have who has recourse to Our Lord? For Our Lord offers Himself to His Heavenly Father precisely to obtain pardon for sinners; He Himself has paid with His death the punishment that was our due. St. Lawrence Justinian says: "The One Who had been offended,

pleaded for the offender. He Himself paid what had been owed to Him." Hence the Saint adds: "If you are wounded with sickness, if you are wearied with pain, if you are shaken with fear, call upon the name of Jesus."

It is enough if we just pray the Eternal Father in His name; then we shall surely obtain what we desire. This is the oft-repeated promise of Christ Himself, and it cannot fail: "If you ask the Father anything in My name, He will give it to you."

BOY-MARTYRS

In the Japanese persecution of 1596 the children were remarkable for their courage.

From "The Victories of the Martyrs"

One, sixteen years old was named Thomas. His father wrote to him that

he was resolved to die for Christ, and that he therefore willed him all his earthly possessions. After reading the letter, the holy youth set out to see his father and told him that it was not right to make him heir of the fortune he possessed in this world, and to exclude him from the fortune he was going to acquire in Heaven; and therefore he had decided to accompany his father to death. And in fact he was crucified with many others.

Another boy named Louis, hearing from one of the officials that he would be set free if he would stay and be his servant and deny the faith, replied:

"I have no desire to live under such conditions; because, for a

short and unhappy life, I should be losing a blessed and eternal one."

It is also related of this boy that when he arrived at the place of crucifixion, he ran and embraced the cross as though it was the dearest thing he had ever found.

Another boy named Anthony, who was thirteen years old, was not listed among the Christians to be executed because he was too small. When he saw this, he began to cry so bitterly in the court room that to quiet him the judge had his name written down. And at death the conduct of this boy was remarkable. When he had arrived at the place of execution, his parents approached him. They were Christians, but overcome by their love of him, they begged him to hide his faith for a while and so escape death. The brave boy replied:

"To save my earthly life, then, you wish me to lose eternal life? No; do not tempt me with your words and your weeping; I am resolved to die for Our Lord."

THE MASS

All the honor ever given to God by the angels with their reverence and adoration and by men with their virtues, penances, martyrdoms and other good works cannot amount to so much as the glory given to Him by one single Holy Mass; for all the honor given by creatures is finite honor, while the honor given in the Holy Sacrifice is given by a Divine Person, and is Infinite.

Therefore we must confess with the holy Council of Trent that

among all good works, the Mass is the holiest and most divine. The Council says: "We are bound to confess that there is nothing the faithful can concern themselves with so holy and so divine as this awful sacrifice."

Thus it is the holiest of all the good works we could perform, and the one the most pleasing to God; it is also the one which most effectively appeases the wrath of God against sinners, and most surely crushes the power of hell; which brings the greatest blessings to the living, and the best relief to the souls in Purgatory; in fine, it is the one great act with which is bound up the welfare of the world. St. Timothy of Jerusalem says that the world is preserved by it; were it not for the Mass, the sins of men would long since have brought about the destruction of the world.

APHORISMS

Live as though there were only you and God.

Only God satisfies.

Willing what God wills, you have all that you desire.

God's will renders every bitter thing sweet.

In sickness we discover who is really holy.

God is the only good; and sin is the only evil.

We are only what we are in the sight of God.

The one who most mortifies himself in this life, will have most to enjoy in the next.

Do what you would wish to have done at the hour of death.

Let everything be lost rather than God.

Let everyone be displeased rather than God.

From "Dignity and Duties of the Priest"

Book Reviews

CATECHETICS

Leading the Little Ones to Christ. Adapted from Gruber-Gatterer by Rev. George M. Dennerle. Published by the Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis. 300 pages. Price, \$1.75.

The task of instructing little children in the rudiments of faith and especially of preparing them for their First Holy Communion is one that calls for careful preparation and not a little prudence and tact. The catechist must bring the sublime truths of revelation down to the capacity of budding minds, must communicate these truths in a way to catch the attention and interest of his easily-distracted auditors, and withal dare not mutilate the doctrines which he presents, but must offer them in their purity and integrity. Wherefore any means that will lighten this God-given task and prove a real aid to the catechist deserves a hearty welcome.

Such an aid is this little book from the hands of Father Dennerle. It is designed to cover a full school year. The doctrine presented is divided into eleven units, each with two to five parts, so that some thirty-six or thirty-seven lessons result. True to his title, the author bids the catechist lead the little ones to Jesus, the Divine Friend of children, and then from Christ as the center of our holy faith to proceed to the consideration of the other fundamental doctrines contained in revelation.

Each lesson is worked out in detail according to a well defined plan: 1) Devices—such as pictures, 2) Procedure—which embodies the body of the lesson, 3) Application—doctrinal and liturgical—to the daily life of the children, 4) Religious Practice—such as making the Sign of the Cross, Genuflection, Visit to Church, 5) Prayer—the teaching of some part of the more common prayers, 6) Activity—such as the construction of a small altar, etc., and finally, 7) Remarks—directed to the catechist by way of explanation and suggestion.

To crown all the author has added a list of Picture Subjects; likewise an excellent list of reference books whence the catechist can draw aids for Presentation

and activities, and Stories to illustrate the doctrine taught.—J. A. B.

INDULGENCES

Collection of Prayers and Good Works to which the Roman Pontiffs have attached indulgences in favor of all the faithful or of certain groups of persons, 1899 to 1928. Translated and edited from the official versions by the Rev. Richard E. Power. Published by Benziger Bros. Price, 1) large type, imitation leather, list, \$3.00 (to clergy and religious, net, \$2.40) 2) imitation leather, flexible covers, round corners, list, \$3.50 (to priests and religious, net, \$2.80) 3) real leather, American seal, gold edges, list, \$4.50 (to priests and religious, net, \$3.60).

This is an authorized translation of all the indulgenced prayers and good works of a public nature issued from 1899 to 1928. The last edition of the "Raccolta" was published in 1898. Since then many prayers and good works have been enriched with indulgences. But it would have been well-nigh impossible to find them all, for they were scattered through many volumes of the official acts of the Holy See. Since 1898 many changes have been made regarding the administration of Indulgences. The old Congregation of Indulgences and Sacred Relics was suppressed by Pius X in 1909. Then everything concerning Indulgences came within the competence of the Holy Office. During the pontificate of Benedict XV Indulgences passed to the jurisdiction of the Sacred Penitentiary. It is this tribunal which now caused this Collection to be made.

This edition is what is known in Canon Law, as an "exclusive collection." That means that all grants of Indulgences from 1899 to 1928 that are not contained in this collection are thereby abrogated. Also some of the Indulgences that are kept are changed somewhat in the "Collection." Consequently this is the only complete and thoroughly reliable edition of Indulgences covering those 30 years.

Both the editor and the publisher have done their work well. An appendix contains the Ordinary of the Mass, and prayers for other devotions and uses.

The volume may be used as a prayer-book. The various indices are good and very helpful.—F. E. B.

DRAMATICS

From the Catholic Dramatic Movement, whose headquarters are now at 1511 W. Wisconsin Ave., Milwaukee, Wisconsin, a list of new plays for Catholic Schools, dramatic clubs and parishes have come during the past few months. Among them are:

A Woman in the House. A comedy in 3 acts by Jean Cameron Agnew. For 4 men, 7 women. Captain Caperton, a Confederate veteran, chooses fiancées for his two young nephews in the hope that "a woman in the house" will brighten the place. He invites them for a visit and they descend upon his bachelor quarters with a throng of relatives. Out of this situation a good comedy has been developed—one that seems bound to provide an entertaining evening.

The Princess of the Mohawks. A drama in 3 acts by Joseph P. Clancy. Mixed cast. The touching story of Katherine Tekakwitha, the saintly Indian Maiden, is moulded into a religious play which could be effectively produced by grade school children, and deserves consideration by older groups. The religious services of Baptism and preparation for death are represented with true dramatic flavor. There are excellent opportunities for splendid stage settings and scenes.

Rogue River Red. A play in 3 acts by Joseph P. Clancy. A lively comedy for an all-boys cast, with a camping scene, treasure-finding, danger and adventure. One or two objectionable features of the play need toning down, particularly the rather comic introduction of the Mass prayers (realistic though it be) and the ridicule cast on one boy for his mental backwardness.

Thirty Million. A one-act farce for 5 characters (3 male, 2 female) in which a husband and wife agree in nothing except trying to marry off their daughter to the wrong man. Conjugal incongeniality is made to sustain, perhaps, too much of the humor of the farce.

The Hired Ghost. A comedy in 3 acts by Dr. Wm. M. Lamers. Elements of mystery, fake ghosts, crime and farce are woven into this play. The dialogue is sprightly and clever, but the plot wears rather thin because the mystery is concealed from all save the audience. To

this reviewer the two Irish Characters introduced for the sake of farce run entirely too much to the traditional stage types that are anything but funny. The play, however, has many enjoyable situations, is easy to stage, and is sure to provide entertainment. Dr. Lamers shows promise, as a playwright, for the future.

Through St. Nicholas to the Child Jesus. A Christmas Play for children in one act. A strange mixture of brownies, elves, angels, real children, a witch, St. Nicholas and the Child Jesus, make up the characters of this playlet; yet it is a simple and colorful medium for very little children. It is enlivened by Christmas songs and dances.—D. F. M.

BROCHURE

Heart O' the Rule. A Primer for Tertiary Novices. By Fr. Marion Habig, O.F.M. Published by the Franciscan Herald Press, Chicago. 75 pages. Price, 15 cents.

Reawakening interest on the part of the laity in the Third Orders of the Church has been noted of recent years and seems to mark a wide-spread return to genuine spirituality. Members of Third Orders, called Tertiaries, are men and women who after due initiation and trial, assume the responsibility of living as much like "religious" as is possible in the world. Fr. Habig gives in this pamphlet a commentary on the rule of the Third Order of St. Francis. Its perusal will make more devout those who are already members of that Order; and perhaps will inspire others to join.

PAMPHLETS

The following pamphlets have come from the Queen's Work Press, 3742 W. Pine Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.:

Fountain of Christmas Gifts by Daniel A. Lord, S.J. The true interpretation of the Christmas spirit, as the desire of the world to give to others as Christ gave Himself to us, is glowingly developed in this seasonal pamphlet.

The Souls in Purgatory by James J. Daly, S.J. This is a November pamphlet, arousing remembrance of the souls of the dead. Its lesson should not be confined to the month of November.

The Best Seller by Daniel A. Lord, S. J. The "best seller" is the Bible, and its exquisite charm from a literary viewpoint is advantageously outlined by Father Lord through the medium of brisk dialogue and repartee.—D. F. M.

Catholic Events

His Holiness Pope Pius XI has written a letter of congratulation to the Most Rev. Patrick Murray, Superior General of the Redemptorists, congratulating all the members of the Congregation on the occasion of the two-hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Redemptorist Order. An English translation of the letter is as follows:

"It is very evident that religious families who observe the evangelical counsels are of great service and constitute an ornament, not only of the Catholic Church, but also of civil society, thus deserving well at all times of both the one and the other. Wherefore, we are greatly pleased, when the occasion offers, to bestow the praise which they deserve and publicly to manifest the benevolence we entertain towards them. Now when recently it was brought to Our Knowledge that the illustrious Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer—founded two hundred years ago by St. Alphonsus Liguori—was about to celebrate the anniversary in a solemn manner. We thought this occasion an appropriate one to give an especial testimonial of Our felicitation and praise.

"We are not ignorant of the fact that from its beginning until now this pious association has numbered among its members hosts of religious, who, spread all over the world,—in Europe and America, Asia, Africa and Australia—have diffused everywhere the extraordinary piety and the very sweet charity of Alphonsus. But it is a well known fact that the Sons of St. Alphonsus in pursuance of their distinctive object and end have by parochial missions, as they are called, and retreats striven to cultivate good morals and fervent piety among the people.

"What a great good they have accomplished for souls is evident or at least it may be conjectured from what We have said elsewhere and We hold this as certain 'that in the spiritual exercises of retreats there is a very special safeguard of eternal salvation.' Who, therefore, can tell how many sinners have regained their lost faith by your labors; how many of the faithful have been led to higher degrees of piety and Christian perfections? Among these especially the lay people there are not wanting those who have grown zealous in promoting Catholic Action, and have become great helpers to the clergy. Wherefore, today, the whole Congregation over which you have presided so long, looking back over the span of two hundred years, very deservedly rejoices and is happy in the thought that the successful accomplishments of the past augur well for the prosecution of greater things in the future.

"But We who well know your cares and your labors, and wishing to add to the sum of your joy and happiness, most willingly congratulate you on this happy occasion and We exhort the faithful, especially parish priests and directors of Catholic societies, very freely to make

use of your labors to re-animate and strengthen the faith of their subjects.

"In the meantime, We pray the Almighty God by fervent petition to bestow His choicest gifts on you, and to render the fruits of your labors in all orders of Christian society more copious and abundant. As a pledge of God's blessing and as a mark of Our especial esteem and love We impart lovingly in the Lord to you, beloved son, and to all the members of the Congregation the Apostolic Benediction."

* * *

The Redemptorists Fathers in the Eastern Province of the United States were honored signally by the publication, on November 25, 1932, of an entire issue of the Baltimore Catholic Review dedicated to their Congregation. The Review is the official Catholic weekly newspaper of the Archdiocese of Baltimore.

The jubilee number of the Review contains historical articles on the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer and St. Alphonsus and on the local Redemptorist institutions; photographs of present Redemptorist Churches in and around Baltimore and of their incumbent Rectors; feature articles on persons and events in the life of the Congregation in America.

Congratulations and appreciations on the Redemptorist Fathers, written personally by Cardinal Hayes of New York and O'Connell of Boston; by Archbishop P. Fumasoni-Biondi, Apostolic Delegate to America; Archbishop Curley of Baltimore, and Bishop McNamara, auxiliary of Baltimore, were published in the Review. Governor Ritchie of Maryland wrote the following tribute:

"It is a privilege to extend greetings and felicitations to the Redemptorist Fathers on the occasion of their bi-centennial anniversary. Baltimore and Maryland have had this great Order as a part of its civic life for many years, and our city and state have profited by the religious, educational and humane work of the Redemptorist Fathers. I express to them my best wishes and my profound appreciation. Sincerely yours, Albert C. Ritchie, Governor."

Mayor Howard Jackson of Baltimore also expressed congratulations in the name of the city, saying that the Redemptorist Fathers had contributed to the best citizenship of the city of Baltimore.

* * *

Last month a brief account was given in this column of the bi-centennial and centennial celebrations of the Redemptorist Fathers at St. Gerard's Church, Lima, Ohio.

It was stated in our account, that His excellency, Archbishop McNicholas of Cincinnati, was unable to attend the celebration. This was incorrect, as he was present, attended by two fellow-Dominicans from Aquinas College, Columbus, Ohio. The Rev. L. Phillips and the Rev. H. Martin. It had been the Dominicans who, through Bishop Kenrick in 1832, invited the Redemptorist Fathers to America.

Lucid Intervals

Little Willie: "Mom, didn't you say baby had your eyes and daddy's nose?"

Mother: "Yes, what of it?"

Willie: "Well you better watch him. He's got grandpa's teeth now."

The captain of an Atlantic liner was bothered by a woman passenger who was always inquiring about the possibilities of seeing a whale. A dozen times a day she asked him to have her called if one hove in sight.

"But, madam," the captain demanded at last, "why are you so eager to see a whale?"

"Captain," she answered, "my desire in life is to see a whale blubber. It must be very impressive to watch such an enormous creature cry."

First Boy (showing his friend over the house): "See that picture there? It's hand-painted."

Second Boy: "Well, what about it? So's our chicken house."

"Rastus, your dog seems to be in pain."

"Nossuh, he ain't in pain—he's jes' lazy, dat's all."

"But surely he must be suffering or he wouldn't howl that way."

"Jes' plumb laziness, jes' laziness—ya see, sah, he's sittin' on a thistle."

"Is Jack a loud dresser?"

"Is he? You should hear him hunting for his collar button!"

Ho: "So you graduated from the barbers' university? What was your college yell?"

Bo: "Cut his lip

"Rip his jaw

"Leave his face

"Raw! raw! raw!"

Frenchman: "Ah, you climb the Matterhorn! That is a foot to be proud of."

Englishman: "Pardon me, sir, you mean 'feat.'"

"So you climb it more than once, eh?"

A very thin fullback was annoyed by the attentions of a small dog during a Rugby match.

At last, when play had moved to the other end, the back turned and shouted to the spectators: "Whoever owns this dog might call him off."

A voice responded: "Come here, Spot. Them ain't bones, boy—them's legs."

Rufus: "Amos, don't you know dat a chicken am de mos' usefulest animule dar am?"

Amos: "Whe'fo' am a chicken de mos' usefulest animule?"

Rufus: "'Cause you can eat him befo' he am bohn an' aftah he am daid."

"Say, Jasper, 'spose dar am a load ob hay on one side ob de ribber an' a jack-ass on deoder side, an' no bridge, an' de ribber am too wide to swim, how kin de jackass get to de hay?"

"Ah gives it up."

"Dah am jest whut de oder jackass done did."

"Is your husband a bookworm?"

"No, just an ordinary one."

Teacher: "Johnny, take this sentence: 'I led the cow from the pasture.' What mood?"

Johnny: "The cow, ma'am."

"Why are you thrashing your little son?"

"He will get his school report tomorrow and I must go away tonight."

"Ah's gwine go to de pahty t'night, but fust Ah's gotta go home an' change mah clothes."

"Change yo' clothes? Man, when you buttons yo' coat, yo' trunk am locked."

Father: "Remember it hurts me as much as it does you."

Son: "Yes, but not in the same place."

Teacher: "What's your name little boy?"

New Pupil: "Sam."

Teacher: "What is the rest of it?"

New pupil: "Mule."

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A scholarship is a fund the interest of which serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary in perpetuity.

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